It was a little white cottage with a green door and a garden in front full of hollybocks, wall-flowers. Canterbury bells, and all sorts of old-fashioned flowers, screened from the public gaze by a thick privet hedge, but over the top of which the inquisitive passer-by might still, at times, catch a glimpse of Miss Priscilla Pritchett, in an appalling sun-bonnet and prodigious wash-leather gloves, engaged in gardening operations and waging war against all caterpillars and other horticultural depreda-

The crossest old maid in the village, or out of it, so people said, and the ugliest, too, said the boys who made raids upon her apple trees, purloined her cherries and chivied her poultry. And yet there were one or two sober-minded, middle-aged folk who declared that they remembered a time when Miss Priscilla was a young and pretty girl, who wouldn't have said "boh!" to a goose, much less have threatened to take the law of Jim Andrews for throwing stones at her cats-and he the only son of widow Andrews, who every one knew was as decent and hard-working a woman as ever kept body and soul together by going out washing and keeping a little shop. But these same worthy people were wont to add with a shake of the head, for the benefit of those unbelievers to whom the idea of Miss Pritchett ever having been otherwise than the gram, gaunt and aggressive female they now knew, seemed fabulous and incredible:
"Ah, that was before Dick Merton went wrong and jilted her, with the wedding day fixed and all!"

Young and pretty! Ah, well, she was old and ugly enough now, and that was all that the rising generation cared. They saw no pathos in the sharp, bony features; nor the light of a long-gone-by love story in those keen, remorseless eyes, always on the alert, and keeping a sharp look-out for opportunities to pounce upon and salute with a cuff or a shake those youthful depredators and juvenile offenders by whom she was held in such peculiar abhorrence. And to imagine for an instant that those shrill, rasping tones had ever fallen in sweet and dulcet melody upon the ear of, at least, one individual was a thing the the same to the end of the chapter.

And, truth to tell, she was not a prepossessing object as she stood, a grim, motionless figure between the rows of tall hollyhocks and trim lavender bushes which lined the path leading to her tiny cottage. Tall and gaunt, with scant, wiry hair dragged away from her seamed and weather-beaten feat-ures, and screwed up behind into what resembled a ball of gray worsted—there, with everything round her as fresh and green as she was worn and grizzled, as she stood, brandishing in one hand a pair of large gardening scissors, with defiance and contempt toward mankind generally expressive in her very attitude, she presented an unclassical but not unfaithful representation of that eldest of the three fates, Atropos, by name, who is represented as holding the fatal shears with which to cut the thread of human life. For on that day of all days did Miss Priscilla hold herself aggrieved and indignant, and was consequently in a frame of mind which might well have made the boldest boy who ever coveted his neighbor's apple tree, shudder.

For had not she that very morning, while arrayed in her full panoply of sunbonnet, leather gloves and coarse working apron, been stated at over her own hedge by a man-a member of that vile and abominable sex, whose ways were ways of deceit-fulness and whose ultimate end was perdition! A man-and, what was more, a dis-reputable man-though in Miss Pritchett's eyes they were all more or less disreputa-ble (generally more.) But this was the out-at-elbows, ragged and foot-sore disreputableness; in fact, it was a tramp, and one whose fortunes were—to judge by his outer man—at their lowest and most poverty-stricken ebb, who had thus dared to desecrate by his impertinent gaze the sanctity of those precincts, within whose bounda-ries no masculine and contaminating foot was allowed to tread. That little white gate was kept latched alike in the face of parson, provision merchant or tax-collector. The butcher or baker might hand their wares over the uncompromising portal, but woe betide them, or any one who, on his own responsibility, dared to cross that virgin threshold. The postman, when he came at all—which was not more frequently than twice or thrice in the year-stuck his missives in the hedge and decamped, after ringing the bell.

In fact, only those ribald boys before mentioned, to whom that gate was as the gate of Paradise, by reason of the rosy-cheeked apples and juicy cherries which hung ripening within, out of their reach, had dared to invade that chaste and solitary domain. And even they-after the terrible fate of that youthful malefactor, Tim Rawlings, who, scared at the sudden and awful apparition of Miss Priscilla in a nightcap, had fallen out of the tree and broken his leg-had fought shy of that jeal-ous inclosure and shunned all possible contact with its lonely tenant, as they would have avoided the plague.

But to return to the tramp, whose reprehensible conduct had awakened such wrath

and-though she would have contradicted it flatly with her last breath—such uneasiness in Miss Priscilla's breast. A ragged dusty, gray, disreputable and worn out old tramp! A man who might have been fifty or so, but whose feeble frame might also have been bent by the weight of an additional score of years! And there he stood, as Miss Priscilla observed on raising herself from her occupation of weeding her narrow gravel path, and making it in all respects what a gravel path should be—for every one knows that this is an employment which requires a considerable amount of back-straightening from time time, especially when there is a tendency to rhenmatism, and we are not young as we have been. Judge, then, her righteons indignation when, on pausing from her toil, she beheld the head and shoulders of a man over her high privet hedge—the head having, by way of covering, the battered remnant of a wide-awake, and the shoulders being clad in a coat which was so old and ragged as to be of a particularly light and airy description, suitable to the time of the year, and proving to consist, on closer acquaintance, of a sleeve and a half, and a miscellaneous assortment of patches.

Miss Pritchett was so amazed and disgusted at the indecency of his conduct that. at first, she could do nothing but stare back at him, until, finding her tongue—which was never mislaid for any length of timeshe addressed him as a good-for-nothing vagabond, and bade him begone.

The man thus attacked-"As ill-looking wretch as ever I saw," soliliquized Miss Priscilla (and in one sense he certainly was) -touched his battered old hat with his forefinger, and made a movement as though he would have spoken; but before he could open his lips, she let loose upon him such a flood of vituperation, and threatened him with such dire and dreadful penalties if he dared to lay a finger on the tiniest twig, or asked for so much as a crust that the wretched wayfarer drooped his weary old head, and, with a dreary shake of the bent shoulders, shambled off.

Miss Priscilla took the precaution, after thus effectually warning him off the premises, to see that he was not loitering anywhere in the neighborhood, or lurking round a corner, with the foul intent of re-turning after dark and making a felonious entry. Then she saw, as he limped slowly along the white, dusty road, that he was followed at a little distance by a boy, a little, barefooted lad, who wore the same weary, desolate look, and whose head drooped upon his shoulders in the same hopeless way as that of the sopeless way as that of the man in whose footsteps he was treading.

Miss Priscilla looked after them both un til they turned a corner of the road and disappeared from her sight. Then she snorted so portentously that her sun-bon-net fell off and muttered to herself: "A pretty pair, no doubt! I don't have no tramps hanging about my place, a tell-ing me they're starving, and not a bit of sleep leather to their foot! Serve 'em

And, so saying, she picked up her garden-ing implements, and stalking up the gravel path she had been so carefully weeding before the interruption came, entered the though by so doing she would cut off all unpleasant thoughts, as well as communi-

household duties there rose up continually before here the picture of those two, the man and the boy, as they took their weary way along the dusty road in the heat of the day. And he, the elder of the two, was an oldish man, she thought to herself indignantly. What did he mean by it, tramping about the country of the co about the country and worrying respectable folks who kept themselves to themselves and couldn't abide tramps?

and couldn't abide tramps?

And so the hours went by, until it was evening, and once more she was at work among her flowers, watering and cutting away the dead leaves, and tending them carefully. More than once during this, her favorite employment, she found her thoughts wandering back resentfully to that good-for-nothing old tramp; and once she felt herself constrained to go to the gate, and standing there, gaze along the gate, and, standing there, gaze along the road, round the corner of which those two unwelcome visitants had disappeared. Though why she did it, or what she expected to see there, she refused to acknowledge, even to herself.

"I'm an old fool," she said at last, when it was getting so dusk that she could no longer distinguish leaf from bloom, and the water can had been filled and emptied an indefinite number of times. "An old fool!" she repeated emphatically, as she pulled off her thick gardening gloves, and deposited the rake in its own particular corner. "And I don't care who says I sin't Why bless I don't care who says I ain't. Why, bless and save us, what's that?" Surely somebody was trying to open the gate! Somebody who was very small, and who rattled the latch very ineffectually in his efforts to force an entrance. Seizing the rake again in one hand, as a protection against the bold marander, whoever he might be, Miss Pritchett advanced with hasty steps, and with a strange, unaccustomed feeling of what was almost like dread in her heart. Who could be be who dared—?

what was almost like dread in her heart.
Who could he be who dared—?
With fingers trembling with what might have been wrath, but what was curiously like agitation, she raised the latch. at the same time exclaiming in her graftest and most uncompromising tones: "Who's that?"
Whoever it was had evidently found his courage fail him at the last moment, and was fleeing, as for his life, through the gathering gloom, and Miss Pritchett could tell by the soft thud of his feet on the dusty road that he was barefooted. Poor half-starved little wretch, faint and foot-sore as he was, a few score strides brought him he was, a few score strides brought him within reach, and being grasped by what might have been his collar—had he pos-

sessed such an appendage—he was hauled up sharp and dragged back again.
"Now, then!" as soon as she had got her breath, "what do you mean by it, eh?" with a feint at knocking his head against mere supposition of which involuntarily caused the nose of the skeptical to elevate itself in scorn. Miss Priscilla Pritchett was an old maid—must have been born in that capacity, and would infallibly continue in

The miserable sacred little mortal tried to wriggle out of her hands; but she held him like a vise, though at the same time she was conscious of a tightening at her heart, and a dread of something that was coming. Then, gathering up the remnants of his courage, the lad spoke, in a quavering

"Please, it was father-"What's that got to do with it?" exclaimed the outraged spinster. "Drat your father-and you, too! The last as an afterthought; and then she shook him again, until he staggered, and would have fallen, but for the grip

she had on him. "Father's dying," he murmured, brokenly, "and he sent me to give you this." And opening his ragged jacket, he pointed to a fragment of paper pinned inside for

"A begging letter, I dare say. Take it away. A won't look at it. You ought to be in jail, you and your father, too—a regular bad lot! Dying, indeed! What's that to me, I should like to know?" But the boy, whose small, white face and famine-sharpened features filled her with a sense of vague discomfort, and seemed somehow like a little reproachful ghost conjured up from the past, repeated again, in dazed, weak tones:

"Father's dying. He says he can't go on no longer—he's dead beat, he is, and must give up—and I was to give you this."

The sense of tightness at her heart in creased, and became as though a hand had been laid upon it and was clutching it in an iron grasp, as she read, by the light of the moon, the straggling, half-illegible words scrawled in pencil, by a trembling hand, on the torn, crumpled paper:

Pray come to meet me at Sharker's Rents, and There was a feeling as though everything was whirling around her, followed by another which seemed to tell her that she had known it all from the very first moment she had caught sight of those pinched and haggard features across the hedge, and watched the two figures plodding along the hard, dusty road, in the morning sunshine. Releasing, for the first time, her clutch of the boy's jacket, she put out her hand to support herself by the gate-post; and, as she did so, the captive fled for the second time, and, urged on by panic and fear of falling again into those bony and remorseless hands was almost instantly swallowed up in the dusk.

Miss Priscilla still stood there with one hand on the gate-post and the other grasping the scrap of paper, motionless and ob-livious, until at last, with a nervous shud-der and a sudden coming to herself, she turned and tottered slowly up the path, and re-entering the house shut herself in

with her memories of the past.

He was dying, and begged her to come to him before he died. She, the woman whom he had jilted and deceived, and made a byword and a laughing stock! He, the man who had crushed her heart, and abandoned her for another within a week of the wed-ding day, until she had turned against all mankind for his false sake! Was she to meekly and promptly obey the summons which this man had sent-who said he was dying, but who might only scoff at her and hold her up to ridicule? Dying, was he? Let him die, and cumber the ground no longer. Then, in a tumult of rage and furious indignation, as she thought of the traitor who had wrecked her life and left her, she seized a candle, and, with hasty steps, trod the steep staircase leading to the upper story of her four-roomed cottage, where was the thing she sought. An ancient and ponderous oak chest, in a dark corner of an empty unoccupied froom, with a rusty key which turned so stiffly in the lock that she was obliged to set her candle beside her on the floor, and strive with both hands before she could unlock it. At last, with a creak and a harsh, grating sound, it gave way. A mouldy smell, as though years had passed since the lid had last been raised, and after that a fainter odor of dried lavender, or of some dead, fragant herb, long gone to dust; then a white cloth, or what had once been white, but was now yellow and discolored by the progress of time, and under that—an old-fashioned gown, shortwaisted, and sprigged with rosebucs; and beside it a large and equally old-fashioned straw bonnet, trimmed with white ribbons and with roses under the white brim.

"My wedding dress!" she muttered, with what was almost a sob, though strangled in its birth by fierce pride and scorn of her own weakness. She took them out and held them up to the light-that now strangled-looking, scanty, befrilled garment in whose folds the moths had held possession so long and undisturbed that the delicate fabric was eaten through and through a hundred different places, while the bonnet ribbons, on investigation, proved to be mottled with small round spots and splashes, as though tears had once been rained upon them before bonnet and gown had been hidden away those twenty years and more.
"My wedding gown!" she muttered; this
time with an angry light in her eye, and a
dull red flush on the sharp cheek bones of that gaunt grim face. "My wedding gown! and he left me for the barmaid at the George and Dragon, and ran away with her and his master's money! Let him die! wouldn't raise my little finger to save him!" Then, as she sat beside the open chest, she fell into a waking dream, in which she saw two figures-a young man and a girla rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, happy-looking girl, walking together through the fields by the river side at the close of a summer day, and one of them said: "Only a month to-morrow to the wedding day." And there

the two figures, passing on side by side, melted into the golden haze of the setting sun, while another scene took the place of the first. A cluster of deserted, ruinous hovels in a marshy, low-lying district, near to a stagnant pool, in one of which a worn-out tramp lay dying in the darkness, with no one near him but a little half-starved lad, with perhaps one hard crust to be shared between the two, while the damp. unwholesome mist from without, creep-

was no reply; but a bird overhead broke

out into a song, and the soft wind rustled

the long grass by the brink of the river; and

knows I'm dying? Oh, she's hard, hard, The faint voice died away in the long-drawn moans; the gray head fell back, and lay with wide-open sightless eyes staring upward to where the stars twinkled down through the holes in the roof, and there was nothing heard but the stifled sobs of the little lad. as, with a cry of "Father! father! speak to me father!" he flung himself upon the lifeless body.

"The Lord forgive me!" cried Miss Priscilla, five minutes later, as, with her bonnat withhelm

net pitched on anyhow, and her shawl all awry, she took ner way at a breathless pace along the dark, lonely country road, and across the fields which intervened between her own tidy cottage and those deso-late and deserted habitations known as "Sharker's Rents." Hastening along in a tumult of conflicting feeling, dreading lest she might be too late, hoping that her fears were vain, tumbling over the stones, and wiping her eyes on her bonnet strings, she hurried on faster and faster, though never hurried on faster and faster, though never had her progress appeared so slow. "I've been hard, cruel hard all these years!" she repeated to herself. "But I'll make up for it, if the Lord'll only give me time. I'll—" Her foot went splash in something wet. and pulling herself up suddenly she discovered that she had almost walked into the foul, stagnant pool which poisoned the air round about "Sharker's Rents." Skirting its black, slimy edges, she came to the first of the four or five tumbledown tenements which were five tumbledown tenements which were known by this name. The door of the first one had rotted away from its hinges, and lay partly blocking up the entrance. Within all was dark. But as she listened she heard faint human sounds proceeding from the interior, and as she stepped across the partial barricade, a voice from out the ob-

"Who's there?" "It's me," she answered in trembling tones, "it's me, Priscilla!" as she groped her way across the uneven floor toward the corner from whence the sound came. "Then you have come," came in a husky whisper from the man who lay on a heap of rubbish. "I've been lying here listening and listening, and praying that you would," and a skeleton-like hand was stretched out

and grasped her own in a fierce clutch.

"It's about the boy—I'd never have troubled you about myself—but he's the last of seven, and I couldn't die in peace with the thought of him being left to starve -though God knows he's used to it-but you won't let him do that? Say you won't!" and the voice came in agonized gasps.
"He's only a little chap, and you'd never
miss it. I'll never be able to lie quiet in

my grave if—"
"Oh, Dick! Don't ye talk so!" cried
Miss Priscilla, in a choking voice. "I'll be a mother to him, that I will; only try and get well, and I'll take care of you both, and you shall have the best of everything. The Lord forgive me for my wicked thoughts all these many years."
"Bless you, bless you!" murmured the dying man: "but it's too late for me—it's

the hard life, and the starvation, and the exposure of the last six months as has done for me, and I couldn't swallow now if I tried, though I would have asked you for a morsel this morning, only you spoke so fierce and looked so hard; but it's not too late for the boy, for I've often gone without so that he might have a bite."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! You'll break my heart.
You were the best-looking and the cleverest young fellow in the village! That you

should have come to this, and left me comfortably off and living in my own house!
Oh, never, never will I forgive myself!"
"God bless you, Priscilla! You're a good woman, though you did speak a bit roughlike this morning; but I behaved like a scoundrel to you, though I never forgot you, never, and never had a happy day after I left you. She wasn't a bad wife, Priscilla," speaking with painful eagerness, "and she had a hard life of it for years before she died, for I sunk lower and lower-but I shall die easy now that I've seen you once more; and I know you'll be good to the boy, though he is her child. Say you forgive me, Priscilla, for I'm going

Miss Pritchett was down on her knees beside her old sweetheart, wiping his clammy forehead with her shawl, and sobbing incoherent words of grief and affection, such as none could have believed possible who had not heard her. Then, as she felt the hand that had held hers so convulsively relax, and the breath come faint and fluttering, she whispered in his ear: "Good-bye, Dick, good-bye!"

And the dying man heard her voice be-fore his soul took flight, and replied with the flash of the lightning that comes before death, and with his thoughts wanderng back to his old sweethearting days: "Good-bye, 'Cilly! You'll meet me at the

A group of laborers who passed Sharker's Rents on their way to work in the fields in the very early morning were sorely amazed at the sight which met their eyes on passing an open doorway. For, seafed beside a heap of straw, on which lay the dead body of a man—whose ragged garments showed the extremity of destitution—was that equally feared and detested Miss Priscilla Pritchett, that cantankerous old maid whose name was synonymous with all that was odious and disagreeable! Her hand still rested on the coarse sacking, which was his only coverlet, and, at her feet, a little ragged urchin lay curled up asleep.

But what tongue can tell of the astonishment which prevailed when it became gen-erelly known that she had taken the "beggar's brat" home to live with her, or of the utter stupefaction in which the general astonishment culminated on the day when she provided a feast, and threw open the gate of her apple orchard to all the boys in the village.

-All the Year Round.

BITS OF FASHION The prettiest necklets is narrow black velvet mounted with tiny daisy stars in fish-scale work. They look pretty either with high or with low frocks, and are al-

most indestructible. A conspicuous gown, even when handsome and unique, soons bears its date, and wearies the eves of those who first admired it, while a quiet, unobtrusive gown easily lends itself to some new, pretty arrangement or different adjustment in the way of trimmings in lace or ribbons, or a wholly

Dundee twills, English serges, fine camel's-hair fabrics, cashnieres plain, bordered, checked and striped, and fine wool armures with a silk lustre upon their surfaces, are all beautiful and fashionable autumu materials, commended both by French and English tailors for stylish visiting, prom-

enade and traveling costumes. Young ladies will wear many pretty shirt waists and blouses, more or less Russian in style, and wear them even for dinner and theater dress evenings. These are thorn-stitched, silk-embroidered, galloontrimmed, or they are shirred around the neck or else shirred only on the shoulders and crossed in front. The skirt of the blouse, which is belted, is cut shorter at the

The Princess Louise collar is just at the moment a fashionable finish to the bodice of dinner gowns. The corsage has a triangular opening, with a point at the throat, and above this the broad collar meets. which is made of velvet and lace, the lace turned over its entire width all around the neck. A jeweled pin or delicate spray of flowers rests on the left side of the collar.

New and luxurious French tea-gowns are sent over, made of black or deep violet velvet, with embroidered borders of fine gold leaves. One sumptuous model of black Lyons velvet is lined throughout with canaryyellow satin and trimmed with bands o black marabout feathers flecked with gold Another robe of violet velvet is lined with pale rosy lilac silk, and trimmed with bands of dark violet yelvet heavily overlaid with gold, heliotrope, sea-green and opal bead-

There is an ungraceful dip at the back of many of the otherwise stylish walking-cos-tumes now worn. As the "dip" is not at all fashionable, it must be attributed either to eccentricity or to the disappearance of the bustle. Many of these gowns were probably made late last spring, when a small cushion and a skirt steel were still permissible. Some have clung to the former, at least, and have removed it with a sudden determination this season, forgetting that this removal considerably alters the length of the full back breadths, the result thereof being anything but sightly.

A costume for autumn walks and excursions shows a plaided skirt of dark-blue and leaf-brown Amazon cloth, crossed with the faintest hair-line of Florentine red. The skirt falls straight, with most of the fullness at the back. The open jacket of dark-blue Amazon cloth has a deep mousqueing in through the gaping crevices in wall taire revers collar. Beneath the jacket is a But it was quite in vain. There had been something in the abject misery and want so plainly depicted in the man's face which haunted her, something which came back again and again, as she tried to thrust it seeds, and as she went about her small wretched death-bed. Not even when she waistcoat of pale golden-brown silk, braided in cashmere colors matching those in the plaid. There are puffed sleeves inside the half-open ones of plain blue cloth, these of the corded silk gathered into a narrow band, also braided.

READING FOR THE SABBATH.

A Ballad of Trees and the Master. Into the woods my Master went, Clean forspent, forspent. Into the woods my Mastercame, Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorn tree had a mind to him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went, And he was well content. Out of the woods my Master came, Content with death and shame.

When Death and Shame would woo Him last
From under the trees they drew Him last.

'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

-Sydney Lanier. International Sunday-School Lesson for September 29. QUARTERLY REVIEW .- 1 Sam., iii-xxxi Golden Text—If ye seek Him, He will be found of you; but if ye forsake Him, He will forsake you.—2 Chron., xv, 2.

DAILY HOME READINGS. Mon.—1 Sam., iii, 1-14; iv, 1-18. Lessons I, II. Tue.—1 Sam., vii, 1-12; viii, 1-20. Lessons III, Wed .- 1 Sam., ix, 15-27; xii, 1-15. Lessons Thur.-1 Sam., xv. 10-23; xv. 1-13. Lessons Fri.-1 Sam., xvii, 32-51; xx, 1-13. Lessons IX, X. Sat.—1 Sam., xxiv, 4-17. Lesson XI. Sun.—1 Sam., xxxi, 1-13. Lesson XIII.

THREE GREAT CHARACTERS. The three great heroes—Samuel, Saul and David—have been the subjects of our study for the last three months, and the important facts and lessons of the quarter will naturally group around their names. Each of them is the central figure in four of the lessons.

I. SAMUEL. Lesson I. Samuel called of God. Lesson II. Samuel's prophecy concerning Eli

Lesson III. Samuel the reformer. Lesson VI. Samuel's farewell address. II. SAUL. Lesson IV. Saul a king after Israel's heart. Lesson V. Saul chosen of the Lord.

Lesson VII. Saul rejected by the Lord. Lesson XII. Saul's death with his sons. III. DAVID. Lesson VIII. David anointed. Lesson IX. David and Goliath. Lesson X. David and Jonathan. Lesson XI. David sparing Saul.

General Church News. Over two hundred Baptist churches in New York State are pastorless. The McAll mission in Paris is said to have been instrumental in the conversion of 50,-000 who were formerly skeptics.

Bishop Thoburn has traveled about 15,-000 miles since landing in India last December, and, according to the Indian Witness, the strain begins to tell upon Bishop Thoburn decided in favor of seat-

ing women as members of the Central In-dia Conference, which, we are told, is a kind of "irregular India general confer-During the last three years the annual consumption of alcohol in Canada has decreased to an average of 1.029 gallon per head of the population. Before the passing of local option the average of ten years was

A movement towards Christianity among the Jews of Siberia is reported. The leader is a Polish Jew, named Jacob Sheinman. He was exiled to Siberia twenty years ago because of his teaching Christianity, and there continued to proclaim his convic-

According to reports made to the late Mormon conference in Salt Lake City, the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" has twelve apostles, seventy patriarchs, 3,919 high priests, 11,805 elders, 2,069 priests, 2,292 teachers, 11,610 deacons, 81,899 families, 119,915 officers and 'members, and 49,303 children under eight years of age-a total Mormon population of 158,911.

Rev. Dr. Schley Schaft, on the authority of Dr. Kogel, chief court preacher, says that the poorer classes and the higher and aristocratic classes in Berlin are loyal to the church. The middle classes have, to a considerable extent, become enlirely estranged from it, or indifferent to its ordinances. There are 90,000 social-demo-cratic voters in the city, and they and the population they represent, "if not atheistic, are, at least, inclined to atheism."

The Rev. George Lansing Taylor is a Methodist clergyman of note. He is one of the few men in this country who can wear the title of L. H. D., which was conferred upon him by Columbia College. He has attended five camp-meetings this summer, and the in-dictment he brings, in Zion's Herald. against the quality of the preaching he has heard is rather severe. He says: "I have learned more than ever to sympathize with the Lord's poor sheep who are hungry for good gospel hay, and get shavings foddered out to them instead! But when 6,000 hungry souls are looking up to a stand full of over a hundred preachers, many of them eminent and godly men, and then the shavings-peddlers are trotted out instead of those who could feed the flock—well—I'll stop here! I might wax uncharitable!"

Mr. E. Payson Porter's table of statistics for Sunday-schools in the United States shows that there are in all 101,824 Sundayschools, with 8,345,431 scholars, and 1,100, 104 teachers, making a total of 9,445,535 in the Sunday-schools of the country. Penn-sylvania continues to be the banner State in the number of schools—8,729—though New York has more scholars. Pennsylvania has 964,599; New York, 979,415. Among the States, Louisiana seems to stand at the foot. It has only 522 schools and 32,617 scholars. The little State of Rhode Island exceeds it in scholars by about 12,000. Of the cities, Philadelphia is in the lead, with 616 schools and 178,865 scholars. New York comes next, with 600 schools and 172,000 scholars. Brooklyn, the city of churches. has 263 schools and 97,033 scholars, easily holding the third place.

Thoughts for the Day.

He that despairs measures Providence by nis own little contracted model.—South. It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever siming to appear great: for they who are really great never seem to know it.-Cecil.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all. then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. -O. W. Holmes.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand: the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone-George

"End these days of anarchy and unbelief, worldliness and luxury, filthiness and vice -end them all, we beseech Thee; cut short these delaying days, and come quickly. By all the bleeding wounds of earth, by all the impious blasphemies which are invented against Thy great majesty, come and reign.' Church of Christ, canst thou repeat it?

A recent writer on Voltaire says: "Voltaire came as a heaven-sent judgment upon a church which had perpetrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in order that we and our children might learn the lesson that he who begins by Ioving Christianity more than Christ will go on to love his own church more than Christianity, and end by loving himself most of all." The clouds that sweep

> The upper deep, Like ships that sail a summer sea. Have precious freight, their destiny To us unknown By fair winds blown. Will bless mankind evoking praise For the great gift of Sabbath days. -George W. Bungay.

THE BREECHES BIBLE A Copy of the Rare Old Volume Owned in

A well-preserved volume of the genuine old "Breeches Bible," so called, is in the possession of Mr. Horace Johnson, of Hartford. It was printed in London, in 1602, in the old "black-letter" text—enough to spoil the sight of any but the most persistent reader; but it was a kind of print with which Shakspeare and Lord Bacon were familiar. This edition-probably copied from the "Bishops' Bible," of 1568-derives its irreverent name from its version of the story of Adam and Eve in the garden. In chapter iii, v. 7, after telling of the trans-

gression, it reads: 7. Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig-tree leaves to-gether, and made themselves breeches.

'Bishops' Bible," when it was found to be "necessary." The new revised version, however, makes a good many changes. It cost poor Tyndale his life—he was burned at the stake, near Brussels, in 1556—for daring to make a translation into English.

This quaint old Bible includes those Old
Testament books that have since been relegated to the nebulous limbo of "the Apocrypha," and includes them without Apocrypha," and includes them without any mark of separation from those that are now accepted. There are the books of Baruch, of Susannah, of Jesus the son of Sirah, the book of Maccabees, Esdras, Tubit, Bel and the Dragon, etc., all figuring as a part of the divinely inspired word. If we can believe the various holy "councils" on those subjects, more or less of these apocryphal books are not so inspired.

Mr. Johnson's old Bible contains, also, the quaint psalmody of Sternhold and Hopkins—the psalms of David "done into" English verse.

English verse. The quaint character of the mechanical work alone of this old Bible makes it an work alone of this old Bible makes it an interesting study to anyone especially who knows much about printing. Unfortunately, the quaint old title page is missing—its place being supplied by a penand-ink copy.

Written for the Sunday Journal. Evening Down the Long Drift. Blue as the forest far and dim Upon the vague horizon's rim, As softly shadowed as the green Rush tasseled marshlands in between, Rose-tinetured as the light that lies Within the tender evening skies, As golden as the afterglow That quivers up the west, and so
As many colored as the tones
That chase through changeful opal stones,
The river ripples by
And I

Am floating into fairy land. On either hand

The pale green wanded willows stand,
In fleecy tufts whose shadows hide
Haunts where the shy wild birds abide;
And through the reeds,
The lush marshmallow bushes lean, Where screened by burgeoned button balls
And tall wild rice, the bittern feeds,
And clasped in clinging water weeds,
White folded lily beds are seen.
And spikes of blazing cardinals, That like inverted torches show

And burn and glow

Down deep delicious pools and swirls,

Where soft as silk the river moss Spins slender threads of filmy floss And weaves in velvet webs of green And golden sheen,
Through which the crinkled fern grass curls
Shot thick with little lucent seeds
Like jeweled beads; And in and out and close across The fragile plantain flower unfurls, And thrusting through the dripping reeds,

Starwarts, like tiny divers, toss Their hoards of blossom pearls. Through dimpling deeps and eddy whirls, Far, far below, With fitful motion, swift and slow,
The shining fishes come and go;
And all the limpid pools unfold
Rare treasures shrined in sands of gold,

The tempered evening light betrays Sweet secrets, that the dazzling days With their bewildering fire and glow And overwealth of sun, withhold. -Ah, gently, gently, gently blow. Sweet winds of heaven, now! for slow Upfloating from the dewy mold, The mist is rolled!

While down the sheer clear stream I gaze,

O lightly, most divinely breathe. While yonder airy vapors sheathe The grassy marshes, till they grow Too faint for any eye to know; -And see! like tissue veils that hold Fanstastic river-genii bold, They rise, and rise, and twine and wreathe, And all the crystal stream enfold.

On, on through wonder-land I go, And hear the silvery ebb and flow, And chiming cadence soft and low, Of tiny tinkling waves that creep Like thousand little liquid flutes Among the twisted maple roots: And from the forest, still and deep. The night-owl calls, And distant wandering west-winds sweep, With murmurous melody that falls, As faintly as a song of sleep, With drowsy, dreamful intervals.

To some enchanted tune They croon Sweet Inllabies: While deeper, ever deeper grows The violet tinge upon the rose Within the water-skies; Where rays of pearl and purple gleam
From spangling scallop-shells, till soon
Confusedly through all the stream The stars are strewn: And meshed in mocking greenery Of oak, and ash, and willow tree,

And trailing tangled grass, I see The little crescent moon. O keen-felt joy and strange distress Of nature's perfect graciousness! I feel your sweetly poignant smart Within my heart, Till wrought by beauty's sheer excess, Quick tear-drops start beyond restraint, and all my very soul grows faint With loveliness

-Evaleen Stein. ____ The Old, Old Story. Have you forgotten the old, old story You whispered to me on that golden day.
When the sun was flooding the earth with glory
And hedges were fragrant and white with Our path led over the cowslip meadow.

Where birds sang gayly from every tree,
And the way was flecked with sunshine and But only the sunshine fell on me.

With the lads and lasses to go a-Maying,
That morn we had left for a space life's toil;
And we heard the sound of their footsteps stray Where the hawthorne promised abundan Their hearts grew glad in the golden weather,
They gathered the flowers beneath their feet,
But we two loitered behind together,

For the old, old story seemed new and sweet. 'Tis Maytime again, and youth and maiden Hasten away to the country road, To cut down the boughs that are blossom laden Or help to carry the fragrant load. The sunshine is flooding the earth with glory, The birds are singing on every tree, But you have forgotten that old, old story, And only the shadows fall on me.

-Chambers's Journal. Sweet September. How bright the days are! The solar rays are No more oppressive, the nights are mild. And clear the skies are. And gay the dyes are In the maple grove and the woodland wild.

schoolma'am and master, Layman and pastor,
Are back from the mountain and ocean's shore. Robust and healthy (Although less wealthy). And down to labor have bent once more.

The shore's deserted Where couples flirted, And the youth no more 'neath the starlight pale His love confesses, And the bathing dresses

No longer flap in the noonday gale The crops that weathered The rain are gathered.
The grapes are ripe on the burdened vine. The yacht moored fast is, And almost past is The summer of eighteen eighty-nine.

Heart Loneliness. Alone, alone! Life's bitterest loss or gain Is this, that journeying onward through the We find in all the world no place for tears; That heart to heart may lean and beat in vain, And, asking, guard the secret of its pain, Bound in its silent prison by its fears To waken eyes that see not, rouse deaf ears That hope of comfort have aforetime slain.

Who has not yearned in such lone agony To summon back to life some spirit fied! Deeming in that dear presence he were free, His soul's contemned anguish to outspread But vain, still vain; it would not, could not be Our worst of woe we tell but to the dead -Emily Pfeiffer. The Furlough.

Are stains like blood on bush and tree (On battle-fields) by armies shed In the defense of liberty. The veils of golden mists that rise Over the woodland and the sea Fall where the patriot soldier lies,

Whose furlough is eternity.

Upon the leaves now sere and red,

-George W. Bungay Tried to Secure a Zoological Curiosity. Chicago News.

"If I could have had my own way about it," says Mr. H. V. Bemis, who has just returned from Europe, "I'd have brought back with me a greater curiosity than has ever been seen in Chicago. When I visited the Tower of London I noticed that there was one room that no one was admitted to, and I asked the officer on duty what was That picturesque attire is changed in King James's version, which appeared nine years later, to "aprons"—the present accepted version. King James's fifty-four translators only made alterations of the Tyndale and Cloverdale text, and of the Tasked the Sincer of duty what was been duty what was been

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course, I wanted to see the animal first. and I tried to bribe the officer with \$5 to let me have a peep at it. But the blamed fool got mad and ordered me to move on. The more I think of it the more I regret that I didn't make further effort to secure the critter. Money will do anything, you know. Why, I understand that in order to make himself solid with the North-side people Charles T. Yerkes has made a bid for the two lions of St. Mark at Venice, and in case he gets 'em will give 'em to the park

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